THE MIDDLEBURY REGISTER.

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poetrn.

For the Register

The Grave of Margaret Davidson. GREENRIDGE CEMETERY, RABATOGA, N. V.

It was a summer day. Weary and sad. I stood beside the grave of one whose soul Of melody, and song, had pass'd from earth To claim its heritage of bliss above. Ere Time had dim'd the beauty of her brow,

Or quenched the light of gladness in her eye, She turned from earth's alluremeats and with

Gave her young heart to Him who claims

Think ye there was a bitterness in death To one so gifted and beloved ? Mourn ye Her harp-strings broken-that no hand May waken those sweet ceho's here again Go, learn of Him the blessedness of death In whom she trusted from her early years Yea, at His footstool low, a blessing find In sweet submission to the will of Heaven. And ye who lean upon a bruised reed. And find in gavety and mitth your joy, Come to this burial place and learn how vain Ambitions dreams, or earthly honors here Weighed in the balance with a Saviour's

Weavy of earth with all its buried love. sought that cemetery's quiet shade, And mid its solitude my spirit learned

To bear each heavy crass with cheerful And patient wait for God's appointed time.

A selemn lesson, ere I turned away Was treasured in that hour. The pride of earth.

Its honors, toils, and gains-earth's treasures all-As nothing seemed to Heaven's approving

smile. With soul attuned to gratitude and praise I turned from that lone cometery, and went

With chastened spirit, and a grateful heart, To mingle with the busy world again,

Orwell, May 20.

Miscellann.

From Chamber's Journal. The Man Without an Enemy.

"Wett," solitoquized Francois, as he brushed the coat of his master M Bonneau, an official in the bureau of finance, "if it were not that I don't like to vex a kind master. I would gladly change his service for that of Monsieur Biliard on the first floor. That's a pleasant man to live with-a dramatic author! He has so many distinguished visitors: and then one could go to the play gratis; while here. I'm like a porter to the whole concern. I have to answer inquiries for Monstent Dugrinet, the cap tain on the second floor; I have to run for the doctor for the grandmather of Monsieur Victor, the painter on the third; or carry a note from him to Madempiselte Dugrinet, Even the writer who lives in the attic sends mo with manuscripts to the authors; and all this I have to do without getting the doncens of a single penny, for that was the agreement made with me by Monsicur Bon-

Francois was interrupted by the entrance of his master, who, emtrary to his custom seemed in very bad humor The domestic, from whom his employer had but few secrets, was about to inquire the cause of his dissatisfaction, whom M. Biliard came in, and Francois discreetly curiosity would be satisfied.

"Ah !" cried M. Bonneau, addressing his old college-chum, M. Biliard "I'm the most unlucky dog in the whole

"What's the matter ?" "That place of head clerk in the office which was justly due to my long service. has been disposed of by favor and in-

"No great marvel in that," replied Billard . "you must oppose cunning by That would be neither honorable nor

honest? remarked Bonceau. "I did not say it would," retorted his friend: "I only meant to say it would

succeed. In this world, you must fight people with their own weapons," That may do for you," said Bonneau, who don't care how many enemies you

"That's precisely my forte," cried Billiared. "A man is nothing without enemies. By slaudering him, they make his name femous "This fellow must have semething in him," say the world." or so many would not find it worth while to abuse him. A man without an enemy passes through life a mere zero, unnoticed amongst the vulgar herd "

"Just like me " sighed Bonneau. You know I have reproved a thousand times for your excessive kind heartedness," said his friend; "but just now I have something else to think of. This evening, a new comedy of mine is to be neted at the Theatre Francois; and I have only received my author's free tick ets. I have no time to distribute them, and must trust to you to do so judicious ly. Mind that you send me an efficient

set of applanders 'Very well,' replied Bonneau, taking the tickets and placing them on his desk. 'After all," mused our hero when he was left alone, "why shoudn't I have cuemies as well as other people? They might do me more good than my friends

and, at all events. I'll try to make some,

by way of experiment. I'll just begin

the first person I meet. François!" "What does monsieur please to want?" "Francom, I'm going to turn you off." Monsieur will turn me off " cried Francois, astounded.

"Yes-that is, I mean I'll give you permission to leave my service.

"Ah! that's another affair," said the servant, joyfully. Dear master, how kind you are! You perceived that I wished to hire with Monsieur Biliard, and that I did not know how to name it to you; so you have yourself given me permission to change I shall never,

monsieur, forget yeur goodness."
"Here's a protty business!" exclaimed the surprised master; 'I that thought -You rascal, do you mean to say that you wished to leave me for Biliard? But monsieur himself"-

"Ur grateful !" Dear master, let us understand each other Are you going to dismiss me, or are you not ?"

"Get about your business!" shouted

Bonnesu, for once in a real passion. Francois retired, fully pursuaded that his master only meant to try bim Come," thought the clerk of finance. "this is but a bad beginning. I wanted to make an enemy of the fellow, and be only thanks me for my kindness! At

that moment, Victor, the young artist, entered the room, holding a letter in his "Ah! monsieur, I beg pardon," said be drawing back, "I thought you had gore out, and I was seeking Francois."
"You look agreeted Monsieur Victor.

I hope nothing unpleasant has occured? Only, mor sieur, that I'm excessively negry with Monsieur Dogrinet. could not mount guard this morning, be cause my grateimother was taken sud deply ill, and had no one to attend her but myself. There happened to be a riot in the street, and our captain, Dugrinet, said to me, in his daughter's presence, that I was afraid to show myself. and kept out of harm's way. Now that's a sort of thing I won't bear from any

Pachlen " thought Bonneau; here's s fine opportunity for me! It wen't be difficult to make an enemy of this young fellow. Really," said he, aloud, "I don't know but your eartain is in the right Every citizen should do his duty."

· Certainly; but there are other duties as important as those of a citizen. My grandmother has only me-the state has many children " "If every one said that, but few would

take arms," remarked Bonnesu dryly. Every one has not so good a reason

"But every one should not so as to avoid susticion." Victor's handsome free flushed high,

What rm I to understand by that, Monsieur Bonneau P Whatever you choose "

You are incudent, "said the painter, and must give me satisfaction. As I don't want my poor grandmother to be disturbed, the somer we fight the better: so I will just engage a second and wait for you at the Bois de Boulegnes! Why-what " said Bonneau, who

did not quite relish such sharp practice Monsieur Victor-Monsieur Victor But the painter was already gone.

Well, thought Bonneau, 'I won't burt him much. I'll just give him a flesh wound, which will excite his rancor against me. Billiard will be savi-fied when I have a young man of talent for an every." Feeling a very natural reluctance to explain the cause of the duel to any reasonable friend. Benneau contented himself with organing Francois as a second and desiring him to follow him to the appointed The valet thought his master had taken leave of his senses; and before going out ran to tell the story to the family of M.

When the clerk and his second ar rived on the field, they found Victor and his friend there already. They had brought swords, and immediately began to fight. Bonneau was by far the best swordsman, but, instead of taking advantage of his superiority, he sought to dis arm his autogonist without hurting him: In doing so, however, he inflicted a wound on the young man's hand, and the blood flowed freely

"What shall I do? You are wouded?" cried the corquerer, more pale than the

"Tis nothing," replied Victor; "let us go on " But at that moment Mon-sicur and Madama Dugrinet with their daughter Agues, appeared on the field and the ladies, like two Sabines, rushed between the combatants

"Stop !" shouted M. Dagrinet "sheathe your swords, my friends." Then turning to Victor, he said, "I have done you injustice, Monsieur Victor; you are brave fellow; and, to make you amends I give you full permission to win my daughters heart; if, indeed," he added. smiling, "you have not done so already.

"Ab! monsiour I" said Victor, "this is the happiest moment of my life. And you, morsieur," he added, turning to Bonneau, 'must permit me to reckon you among my best friends. It is you I

"There's more of it," muttered the clerk to himself 'I turn away a faithful servant, and he's delighted; I wound a worthy young man with my sword and the duce shall I do? Biliard ought to have given me a recipe for making ene-

Meantime the slight wound on Victor's hand was bound up by the slender fingers of Agnes, who, however, we are bound to declare, took unfair advantage of the opportunity to inflict serious injury on the patient's heart. This done, the whole party, at M. Dugrinet's suggestion, adjourned at a restaurant, and passed a social morning together. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Bouncau, returning to his apartment, threw himself into an easy-chair, and began to reflect on his misfortunes.

No," thought he, "I shall never be chief in the office; I'm not wicked enough

for that : I have no enemies, and I can't make them, What shall I do?" Happening to look up, he remarked on his esk the free tickets for the play, which Biliard had given him that morning, and which he had not since found time to distribute.

"The very thing !" cried he. "Biliard himself shall be my enemy. Nothing more sensitive than the epiderimis of poet. I'll get his comedy well hissed!" He summoned Francois,

"Go up to the attic, and fetch the writer here." "Monsieur has a play or a novel to be copied? Is monsieur about to become an author? In that case, I would much

prefer remaining"-No comments : call the writer." "Monsieur Julien," said Bonneau, when he entered, "you're acquainted with many dramatic writers, and people who like to see the play gratis ?"

Yes, monsieur. Well, here are a hundred free tickets for to night, which you are to distribute on condition that the persons taking them must find the comedy detestable, and unite to hiss it down. I shall give you fifty france for your trouble.

"Many thanks, monsieur. I shall excente your commission to the very best of my ability !

Bouneau sat down to dinner, but his kind heart was ill at ease. He had a real affection for his early friend, Biliard, and he could not bear to think of his lisuppointment. Afterwards he took up a book, but found it impossible to read, for grave doubts as to the rectitude of his actions troubled his conscience, He wished, and yet dreaded to hear the steps of Biliard, who seldem failed to pay him a visit after the play.

About midnight the door opened suddealy, and Billard, rushed in, threw him-

"Victory | joy !" he shouted ; "success and triumph over all my rivals! Tis to you I owe it all. Ah. Bonneau, a true friend is a precious thing."

'What's all this?" murmured the astonished clerk 'How do you owe your success to me?"

"Through your inimitable sagueity in distributing the free tickets. When the public perceived that all the prominent places were occupied by my declared rivals, envious players, and jealous authors, it was immediately rum-red that a league had been made against me, and that same honest public became auxious to defeat it. When the curtain rose, our free-ticket gentry tried to hiss; but they were completely berne down by thunders of applicate from gallery, pit, and boxes, and in the end were forced to give in. Before the fifth net, they net a ally to a man, j died in the appliance. What a capital hit it was to sand them

"It was not I who did it," said Bonnear faintly. 'I was busy; I gave the tickets to Julien, the writer who eccutries the atrie."

"Ah, the worthy follow !" oried Bilfard; thew well be understood his busi-

Just then they beard the writer's voice outside the door, speaking to Fran-cois. Bullard called him to thank him. The poor fellow felt rather uneasy at the result of his exertions, and, approach ing his employer, whispered; monsieur, I did what I could. I sent the tickets to Monsieur Biliard's rivals. as if they came from himself ; and that ought to have answered. But the public

O nover mind; it's all right," said poor Bonneau, dreadfully embarrassed, The writer withdr w. repeating in au under tone: The public-what can one

do against the public?" Billiard, after ugain warmly thanking his friend retired to his own apartment.

leaving Bonneau to his reflections "There's no use in trying." he thought 'a peaceful moffensive fellow I have been all my life and a peaceful, inoffensive fellow I am doomed to continue. And, after all, is it not better so? Though I have not succeeded in making an ene my, the efforts I have made have burt my own feelings and wounded my conscience. I'll c'en pass the rest of my days satisfied in making friends; and 1 dont't see why I shouldn't become a distinguished member of the Peace Congress." Thereupon our here betook himself to bed ; but ere his evelids closed,

he suddenly started up and exclaimed; Dance that I was, to neglect the only infullible method of m king enemies ! - i forgot to lead money to my friends!

MOUNTAINS .- Mountains are, to the rest of the earth, what muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tains, brought, out with force and convalsive energy, full of expression, passion and strongth; the plains and lower hills ere the repose, and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormunt and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty, yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This, then, is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action-that of the lowlands, repose ; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to heaven, saying, I live for ever!" [Ruskin.]

Brasibs, the famous Macedemonian general, caught a monse—it bit him, and by that means made, its escape. "Oh Jupiter!" exclaimed he, "what oreature so contemptable but may have its liberty, if it will contend for it!

A Sketch of Luther.

A coarse, rugged, plabeian face it was, with great crags of cheek bones—a wild passion and energy and appetite. But in his eyes were floods of sorrow; end deepest melancholy, sweetness and mystery all were there. Often did there seem to meet in Luther the very opposite poles in man's character. He, for example, of whom Richter had said, his words were half battles, and when he first begun to preach, sufferd unheard-of agony.

"O, Dr. Staupitz," said he to the Vicar General of his order, " I cannot do it. I shall die in three mouths. Indeed, I can-

Dr. Staubitz, a wise and considerate man, said upon this, "Well Martin, it you must die, you must-but remember that they need good heads up yonder too. So preach, man, preach, and then live or die as it happens"

So Luther preached and lived and he became indeed one great whirlwind of energy to work without resting in this world; and also before he died he wrote four hundred books --books in which the true man was-for in the midst of all they denounced and cursed, what touches of tenderness lay. Look at the Table Talk, for example. We see in it a little bird, having alighted on the bough of a pear tree, that grew in, Luther's gar-den. Lather looked up to it; and said-

" The little bird, how it cowers down its little wings, and will sleep there, so still and fearless, though over it are the infinite starry spaces and the great blue depths of immensity ' yet it fears not it is at home. The God that made it, too, is there "

The same gentle spirit of lyric admiration, is in other passages of his books. Coming home from Leipsie in the summer senson, he breaks forth in living won. der at the fields He says: "Erect on its bountiful taper stem, and

bending its beautiful golden head-with-

in it the bread of man sent to him anoth-Such thoughts as these are as little windows through which we gaze into the interior of the serene depths of Martin Luther's soul, and see visibly peross its tempests and clouds, a whole heaven of light and love. He might have painted -he might have sung-could have been beautiful like Rapleel-great like Mich-

nel Angelo. As it was, the streams of modesty and energy met in the active spirit. Perhaps, indeed, in all men of genius, the great quality strongly developed, might force out other qualities. Here was Luther, a savage kind of a man, as people thought of him -- a wild Orson of a man-a man whose speech was ordinarily a wild, wild torrent, that went tearing down rocks and trees and behold him speaking like a weman or a child! A tolerant man, but with nothing of senti mental telerance. He went to the real heart of the matter. When his reform associates made a vast fass about a surclice somebody or other wanted to wear.

he could the matter with, "What ill can a surplice do us? Let him have three surplices if he will. That is not our religion, nor interfer a with it at all. Domine miscrece mei This is what we have to think-this is what we

Nothing of what is commonly called cant, or pride or ambition was in Luther It was this that made him no higher than the lowest man with a soul, nor yet however less than the highest. Thus when he was threatened with the acgor of Dake George, if he went to Leipsie vet said nothing on earth could prevent him. If it rained Duke Georges for nine days running, there he would go Well, and this man who thought and act ed in this way, passed a whole life of suf fering He was a deeply melaneboly More labor had tallen on him than he could rightly bear; it was in vain to be released he toiled and serrowed on Even with Satan himself, the evi principle of the world, he was destined to use high argument. Men would laugh at that, and a cheap game indeed, was ridicule; but be it recalled that in Luther's day, God and the devil were equally real, and that he thought he was from the first as when that vision of the crowded house-titles of the old city of Worms, a man specially selected to fight with devils Well, then, he sat alone e night : he was translating the 131s) Psalm and pondering its deep significance; he dad fisted for two days, when the devil rose before him and opened the famous dialogue, accusing Luther with terrifying him to recent. All which the Christian put an end to at last by taking up the ink bottle and flinging it at the devil. The mark made by the ink on the wall is shown to this day; the memorable spot, a spot that may mark at once the greatness and poverty of man! The terrors of a delusion which any doctor's or apothecary's apprentice could explain now a days; but also a courage that could rise against what seemed to be the bodity personations of darkness and despair, and of comity to good. No braver man than Luther ever fived in Europe.

A Wonn to Young Man-Prof. Silliman closed a recent Smithsonian leeture in Washington by giving the following sensible advice to young

'If, therefore, you wish for strong muscles, and quiet nerves, for long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say although not a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, or some mild infusion of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium and everything else that rely upon autritious food and mild dilu tent drink, of which water is the basis and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest and the due mora regulation of all your powers, to give you long and happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close." For the Register.

Notes of Hand. Town and Country. Our joy is, not our boast, that we live in the country ; but, in certain relations, we permit ourselves to remember that we live in town, We are made a centre, in a certain sense, to the rural municipalities about us, as if we were the clasp to tie their closely packed circlet together. Let us extend the string therefore, and look at it in the view of rural public improvement, and see what a display we make comparatively together.

Orwell has the choicest place, probable, for private improvements, and for neatness of finish at the centre. There is more of gold goes to the inlaying of Orwell, than of any other town, perhaps with proportional effect. We say proportional, for its old Addison County competitor has been long Leid by those who studied the geography of the country from our ' Lake stage,' to be nearly the best built farming town in all the North, Shoreham and Orwell both might be examples to us for rural improvement of a public kind, if they aspired to it,-the former from plenty of facilities, the latter from extent of opportunity in its public grounds; but they do not, and we set them a copy easy. Bridport- How the crop premiums in the Agricultural Society run to Bridport, and, as Mr. Meacham would say, what a neighing of horses we hear from Dan ! In its newer brick church, also, it competes with its first mentioned neighbors, but with commons of tine extent and beautiful surface, the enemy seems to have their cultivation all to himself: if thistles be tares, his chance for a premium crop upon the street is a erack one. Above, on the common proper, an outlay is due for an enclosure, to one of the very pleasantest pub-

lie lots any where. Cornwall has plenty of nice homes and a selection of pleasant occupants, doubtless, in them. Some new dwellings have been tastily fitted up of late, and some attempts, isolated, made in ornamenting streets More are to be, for education penetrates that rural community, it has been held, of certain kinds, more than any other with us. They must be, for these germs of mental cultivation will blossom out, and we shall meet their beauty and fragrance upon the landscape. Addison, with a historical name above every local name we repeat, has scarcely a name to live in the matter we treat of. or indeed particular chance for any. The little centre at East Addison, so far as religious facilities are concerned, has been agreeably fire d up : the natural advantages of the West Street remain in some degree what they were designed to he, when the liberal-souled first settlers laid it out ten rods wide : like the long town avenues, embowered in class and sycamores on Connecticut river, both above and below the heat of tide water The rest of the string the reader may undo at his leisure. So many go for specimens. It must be a very wicked

Catholie, that has for his sins to tell evevery head upon his rosary. The city we know is a clasp by itself, in a string within a string, and right fairly in some things, she is doing it now; in the use of her water-power begun anew, in pretty goodly walks, and an example she deserves to be in something of this, to those who visit her marts and read the Citizen-ourselves among the number. The sound of the hammer at her falls should quicken us with the same spirit of local enterprise. if we would not find ourselves laid out as

cold as Sisora, some down morning. Bristol and New Haven are waking up to extra schools, and if as towns they treat them liberally, a plentiful return will result into their bosoms of knowledge of matters which concern home and will produce the love of it. Who will go straying to Oregon for a farm, if he has the secrets of the planting of paradise in his head? Bristol is a place also for mechanical work and trade. New Haven, where the soil is king-let her teachers treat of nature in full proportion to her interests, and princes of her powers and priests of her areana-princesses and priestesses, of course, to straighten them-will spring up like goodly palms at her homesteads,

Salisbury, Leisester and Weybridge, alike in their pursuits, different enough in character, but all conscious enough of sensibilities to the amonities of life, the graces of rural ornament, and Whiting which shall be samed, for it deserves not to be nameless, and we are home again; in foren : and now what?

Is it the bleating of sheep and the lowing of oxen that we hear? These are for the cars, or but street cows which have not found the pastures open yet (May 15th,) in the Spring. Mercy grant us a speedy deliverance, and hang

our gates with clock-weights in the meau time. What of rural improvement?-

All of our people even yet do not understand, that those, who have little or no land, have indeed a privilege in erebelishing, cultivating for ornament that which lies open to the public, like that for which the rich in retirement most freely lavish their riches. The highest cost is not expended upon the wheat and turnip fields, for the market or eattle, but upon the park-like enclosure in which the family ranges, which banquets the eye of the master, and leads out the soul of the mistress to repose on forms of beauty that mould her thoughts. In town, the streets and commons stand for such a use The poor may cultivate them, the obscure enjoy them, the proud may ornament them if they will, the liberal may fatten themselves with blessings of good, they yield in return for liberality. All may join for their embellishment or protection, and all enjoy the beauty and profit and pleasure they supply as by the assurance of nature, never false to the assidnous attention of man.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK) THE YANKER WOMAN-When a Yankee woman goes to ride with her children she considers it necessary to keep them from falling out - puts one foot on one child and the other foot on anotherholds baby in one hand and carpet bag

in the other. Rises-budget in hand, and change in her mouth, two minutes before the cars

come to a stop Give her a morning call -she will peep through the side-light, at the ring of the door-bell; if you are a peddler she will make her appearance and give you an answer. If you are a minister she will slip on pretty dress and cerdially receive

you into the parler. The Yankee woman bakes, brews and fries, in the forenoon; makes the button holes in the afternoon; snatches half an hour after supper, for practising on the piano; makes calls or attends lectures, in

the evening. Does up the summer sewing in the winter, for the chance of doing the win-

ter sewing in the summer. Spends a week in the mysteries of pastry sallads and creams; and, at the last moment, makes ourls, draws on gloves, and appears as hostess for a brilliant party. Never mind those colored waiters—they are only hired for showlike the chandeliers—they never per-formed a bit of hard labor for this party, it was all done by the Yankee lady.

How do European ladies manage? Don't know I bappen to be Yankee. In the midst of the multiplicity of reasting, baking, boiling, scrubbing and polishing the Yuckee woman always manages to send the children to school with

clean faces and aprens. When Tom rushes in pantaloons torn,

she puts him to bed till they are mend-Makes her own bonnet, and leaves her came from Upton's or Bigelow's-also whether the cost was five dollars or fif-

Weans the last baby in season for the arrival of the next.

If no Irishman be handy, or money be tight, she digs out the cellar herself, and you will see the result of that comony, next month, in the top flounce of a new The Yankee woman can talk ; let ber

little boy be accused of quarrelsomeness in the streets, and won't she give you a call? can you get in ten words edgewise? The Yankee woman will have her poetry in life; she will get it somewhere; if she cannot play on the piano, she will work points on the neck of her title girl's frack, or at least have the brightest tins and whitest tables in the country ; most

likely she will command piano, em broiders and bright tins, all three, The Yankee woman has her thoughts about her; the Yunkee woman understands cost and income, too; don't the shopman have to take down every piece of goods from his shelves, before she decide concerning half a vard of cambrie?

Does she ever offer the baker a nineerce when the price is twelve cents? She never has to ask the milkman the amount of his quarterly hill-ten chances to one if there be any bill. The Yankee woman is good at cash; she hates bills of one kind; bills of another kind she huge and cherishes

GRASS .- Ruskin, in his last volume of Modern Printers, remarks upon the

grasses as follows :-"Observe the peculiar characters of the grass which adapt it especially for the service of man, are its apparent has mility, and cheerfulness. Its humility in that it seems created only for lowest service-appointed to be tred on, and fed upon. Its cheerfulness in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it, and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots, as if it were gratuful you tread upon it, it only sends up riches perfume. Spring comes, and it rejoicewith all the earth-glowing with gated flame of flowers-waving in sefdepth of fruitful strength. Winter comeand though it will not mock its fellow plants by growing there, it will not pin and mourn, and turn colorless and leaf less as they. It is always green, and is only the brighter and gayer for the hoar

Give a man the secure possession of w bleak rock, says a foreible English wehim a nine years' lease of a garden, and he will convert it into a desert.